Black Week

Black Week, sponsored by the Black Students for Mutual Understanding, began Tuesday, February 15, and ran through Sunday, February 20.

Black Week was a program of cultural enlightenment that devoted each day during the week to certain aspects of black awareness and to recognition of certain black leaders.

As stated in the Middlebury College Week, the BSMU explains that "We realize that a week is far too short to learn and to reveal every aspect of the black experience as well as to give proper acknowledgement to each of the black leaders and their contribution to the black man's life. However, we do feel that it is our duty to make the first step, no matter how small it may be, towards instilling a basic knowledge and understanding of the black man and stressing his importance and his discontentment to his people and to America."

With this goal in mind, highlights of the week's activities included contributions from all aspects of the black experience. On Tuesday, the beginning of Black Week, a pictoral display of prominent Black Artists was shown in Proctor Hall. Throughout the week the displays were changed to fit the title and purpose of that day's presentation. Since Tuesday was Black Arts Day, there were student poetry readings, literary discussions, and the Film "Black Orpheus." Wednesday was designated Martin Luther King Day. The highlight of Wednesday's activities was the film "King," a documentary of Dr. King's civil rights campaigns beginning with the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955 and ending with his death in 1968.

Thursday, Malcolm X Day, included skits from the play "El Haj Mahlik" and a documentary film on Malcolm X. Friday was devoted to the Black Woman who is described in the Middlebury College Week as the figure in society that has "more often been written about, talked about, understood, misunderstood, abused, misused, . . . and built up and torn down." The day's program included an oral presentation on the images of the Black Woman and that evening a dance production entitled "La Premier Kuumba" ("The First in Creativity").

(see review in Campus)

Africa was the focal point of Saturday's activities which were hampered by the snowfall. Sunday, the final day of Black Week was Black Politics Day. It too was hampered by the snow but a film entitled "Black Panthers —— A Report" was presented

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

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Winter Carnival Calendar

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24th

5:30 - 7:00 P.M. *Candlelight Dinner* (Cook and Hamlin). Marks the beginning of Winter Carnival.
7:00 P.M. *Coaches' Meeting (Men) (Proctor Lounge) forget that*
7:00 P.M. *Coaches' Meeting (women)* (Proctor Lounge).
8:30 P.M. *Coaches' Meeting (men)* (Proctor Lounge).
8:00 P.M. *Klondike Rush with Snow Sculpture Awards* (Field House).

The Klondike Rush concert this year will feature Seatrain, with Richie Martin as the supporting act. Andy Kulberg, flautist and bassist for the group, has described Seatrain music as "a fusion of country style sound, American folk styles, jazz as it developed out of the rock bands of the '60's, rhythm and blues and concepts."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25th

9:00 A.M. *Men's Downhill* (Ross Trail).
11:00 A.M. *Women's Slalom* (Allen Trail).
2:00 P.M. *Men's Cross Country* (Breadloaf).
3:30 P.M. *Women's Cross Country* (Breadloaf).

Transportation to and from the Snowbowl and Breadloaf will be provided by busses leaving at 9:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., and 1:00 p.m. on Friday at a cost of $1.00 roundtrip.

For the information of those driving to the Snowbowl: When parking is filled at the Bowl, cars will be sent to Breadloaf to park and a shuttle bus will be operated between the two points.

2:00 P.M. *Varsity Basketball vs. Norwich* (Field House).
4:00 P.M. *Varsity Hockey vs. Norwich* (Field House).
2:00 P.M. *"Northern Lights" Races* (Old Stone Row Hill).

The Northern Lights races are modeled after the Alaskan fur festival and will feature snowshoe races, cross-country ski races, and toboggan races.

7:30 P.M. *Ice Show* (Field House).

The Ice Show this year will feature 60 Midd students and 50 town children. Although there is no set theme, the atmosphere will be something like that of a fairy tale.

Two freshman girls, Sue Hume and Judy Perry, are both United States Figure Skating Association champions, and will be performing. Also performing will be Linda and Susan Simourd, Ottawa Juvenile Champions.

8:00 - 11:00 P.M. *Square Dance* (Johnson Bldg.).

Dr. Charles Scaife of the chemistry department will be calling the square dance. Dr. Scaife and friends will provide the music.

8:00 P.M. - 12:00 A.M. *Wine and Cheese Party with Peter Issacson* (Ross Lounge).

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26th

9:00 A.M. *Men's Slalom* (Ross Trail).
10:00 A.M. *Women's Giant Slalom* (Allen Trail).
1:00 P.M. *Jump* (Gignac Jump).
4:15 P.M. *Oldies Party with Ed Gee* (Cook Grotto).

Ed Gee is a janitor in the Science Center who has a penchant for music of the '50's. Therefore the party will be a sort of sock-hop designed to carry you back some 20 years.

6:00 P.M. *Skiers' Banquet* (Proctor).

On this auspicious occasion Proctor Dining Hall will be closed and bag lunches will be served in the SDU's.

7:30 P.M. *Ice Show* (Field House).
9:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M. *Carnival Ball with Midnight Buffet* (Chateau Grand Salon).

The Carnival Ball will feature The Jordan Engel Quintet and Ted Tiger, Magician. Tickets will be sold at the door or through advanced sales at a cost of $3.00 per couple.

Educational Council Calls For End of ED 101

On January 9, the Educational Council voted to recommend to the faculty that they drop the freshman English requirement. The move was accompanied by discussion of the need for some program in writing at Middlebury, and talk of instituting new requirements at Middlebury in the near future.

The proposal to drop the ED 101 requirement was explained to the Council by English Department Chairman David Littlefield, whose department proposed the change. Opposition was led by Professor Henry Prickett, who is chairman of the Educational Council, the Humanities Division, and the former head of the English Department.

The English Department emphasized that the abolition of the ED101 requirement would not mean the end of a freshman English program. Littlefield speculated that the new program would be required of English majors, and would offer more choice. Students would be able to pick a freshman course that appealed to them, rather than simply blindly entering one of the many present variations on the 101 theme.

Littlefield pointed out that other schools that dropped their freshman English requirement experienced an increase in enrollment in those courses. He also sta. . that at Middlebury, about 20% of each entering class avoided the present English requirement by passing the advanced placement test.

Writing Requirement

Much of the discussion centered on what several members of the Council felt was a need to teach freshmen how to write. The consensus of opinion was that there was a need for a writing course. There was no consensus on what form the course should take, or whether it should be required.

Dean of the Faculty A. Richard Turner proposed a course in writing in which faculty members in all disciplines who were interested in writing would teach a section of the usual freshman courses (political science 101, for example). In these sections, frequent papers would be assigned, and close instruction in writing given.

Professor Hill cited his Winter Term courses in composition as evidence that writing could be taught in courses that were not concerned with the interpretation of literature. ED 101 is described as follows in the catalogue: "close critical reading of the lyric and prose fiction. Frequent short critical papers." (p. 51—Spring 1972 catalogue)

Great Books

The Council also talked about the possibility of other required

E. Q. NEWS

projects and activities

By TOM PLUMB

Environmental Quality welcomes 2nd semester students and encourages them to drop by the Environmental Quality office and take part in its activities. For the new students and those of you who are still asking "What's an E.Q.?" here is a summary of what E.Q. has done, is doing, and plans to do.

E.Q.'s major accomplishment for the year was the institution of the dining hall resolution. Paper cups have been replaced by glasses in all of the dining units on a trial basis. The Crest Room has not been converted to the use of glasses because it is too great an "initial investment" for the trial run situation since several sizes are needed. Small cereal boxes have not been replaced by larger boxes because they are "unsanitary" and would take too long to pour into bowls. The use of unwrapped butter pats was held up because they were "unsanitary" but after several requests Mr. Bridges, the Director of the Dining Halls, agreed to institute them after the present stock of wrapped butter pats runs out. A milk machine has been put into the Crest Room to replace the individual milk cartons. The major problem that has developed as a result of the adoption of this resolution is the breakage and stealing of glasses and if this does not decrease we may have to go back to paper cups. Breakage is unavoidable but stealing isn't.

One of E.Q.'s major efforts has been in the area of recycling. E.Q. presently collects newspapers, magazines, notebook and typing paper, paper bags, Foley's bags, cardboard and glass. Paper is collected one week and glass the next. This collection process takes a considerable amount of time and effort. To do this E.Q. uses student vehicles. E.Q. is never certain if it can get a truck or driver to collect these materials because skiing or classes always seem to interfere. Therefore after a long and drawn out discussion, E.Q. has decided to buy its own truck . The decision was agreed upon on the condition that the truck be converted to propane, a fuel that only produces carbon dioxide and water. Without this truck the recycling program may have to be discontinued.

The High School has been taking the glass and papers off our hands since the beginning of the year and E.Q. has decided to do them a favor in return. A building is needed to store the glass and paper in until the High School can take it to a junk dealer in Burlington. E.Q. is giving them the $425 that is needed for the construction which will come out of film proceeds.

E.Q. has found that the collection of bimetal cans is too much to handle. Since the cans pile up so fast they'd have to be collected quite often, tthey would have to be crushed, the nearest place that takes them is Boston, no one has the time to take them there, and the project would be run at a loss. Therefore E.Q. is going to the source. It is trying to convince the college to convert the Pepsi can machines to bottle machines.

The composting committee is looking into the possibility of composting the college's organic waste and is now trying to find a possible location on college land for a compost pile.

Mr. Wishart, the Purchasing Agent, is now looking into the possibility of converting the college over to mimeograph, typing, and TOILET paper made of recycled paper. Dean Turner has sent a memo to all the faculty asking them to cut down on their use of paper. Mr. Peabody, the Manager of the College Store, is also looking into the possibility of selling recycled paper products including facial tissue and has agreed to create an environmentally sound store. Mr. Peabody and E.Q. urge everyone to take a bag only if it is absolutely necessary.

E.Q.'s electricity campaign has been a success so far. The last record showed that monthly power consumption was out 27% over the same period last year. However, one of the largest consumers of electricity is the refrigerators in students' rooms. E.Q. realizes that they are nice to have and that their elimination will not mean the end of the need for power plants but some of the faculty have rightly expressed concern about the fact that they are being being asked to cut down on everything and yet students are allowed to keep these consumers of great amounts of power. If you believe you need one E.Q. suggests that you share one with your whole hall instead of having one in every room.

The smoke stack has been a subject of great concern. Contrary to popular opinion it is the second cleanest in the state according to two representatives from a state environmental agency who came to inspect it. The cleanest one they have seen has a carpeted boiler room among other things. The smoke is one fourth as black as the state allows and the stack does not spew forth nearly as much particulate matter as it did a few years ago. The sulphus content of the coal is 1.99% and Mr. Drinkwine, the Plant Engineer, plans on decreasing this to 1.49% next year and 1% the year after that. The coal is needed as an auxilliary source of power during the winter in case of an oil shortage. The small amount that is needed has to be burned even if no shortage occurs because it declines in quality and may spontaneously combust. The coal has been used up for this winter.

Bike's have now become a great concern of E.Q. The results of the survey concerning bicycle shelters showed that a large majority of the college was in favor of weather protected shelters for the bikes using existing space in the dorms where available and building centrally located shelters where it is not. Now E.Q. will go to the proper authority and see what can be done. Dean Wonnacott turned sixteen unclaimed bikes over to E.Q. to be repaired and painted. These bikes will be left around campus and will be available to everybody for riding to class, into town, or into the country for an afternoon ride. People are needed to help paint and repair them. If anyone has lost a bike, the security office has a lot of found bikes. These will be turned over to E.Q. after six months if they are still unclaimed. A bike day which will consist mainly of bike races is being planned and people are needed to help plan it.

Three other committees also welcome newcomers. The community relations committee sends representatives to community environmental group meetings. These include Action for a Better Community, the Abbey Pond Protection Association, the Audubon Society, the High School's Students Concerned for the Environment, the Sierra Club, and the Garden Club. The Activities Committee dreams up new ideas for projects and coordinates what the other committees are doing. The Publicity Committee does all the publicity for upcoming events and would like the help of artistic types.

Events that have been planned for the rest of the year include: **"I Love You Alice B. Toklas"** starring Peter Sellers at 7, 9, and 11 on February 27, **"Rachel, Rachel"** on March 4, another Blackout Dance with the same soul steel band and dancers as the last time, Ike and the Drummers and The Bad Wgrld, on March 11, **"Goodbye Columbus"** on March 25, an Anti-Smoking Clinic on April 10, 11, and 12 (tentative), **"Getting Straight"** on April 29, and **"Bob, Carol, Ted, and Alice"** on May 13. All the films will be in Dana and

Student Forum Discusses 'THE CAMPUS'

By CHARLES LENNON

Last Sunday's meeting of the Student Forum saw discussion focussing mainly on a recent battery of criticism leveled at **The Campus** by a student, David Kunhardt. It is believed that he sought action by the Forum that would "change the editorial board" of the newspaper, as he felt that the Forum "owned" it, since the Forum annually budgets operating funds from the Student Activities Fee to **The Campus**. (See text of Kunhardt's WRMC editorial, page .) The notion of direct control of the newspaper implied here was rejected immediately by Forum Chairman Bob Metzger. In the hour-long discussion, however, the problems of **The Campus** were explained to the Forum members.

In response to questions concerning what appears to be a growing number of freshman and sophomores on the newspaper's staff, editor Stephen Olson gave the reason that upperclassmen are generally not as interested in writing or working for the newspaper as freshmen and sophomores are, and that of those available for the positions, he naturally chose those he deemed best qualified. When the question of the accuracy of reporting in the newspaper was brought up, a "general pervasive feeling" across campus that the quality of reporting is poor was mentioned, and the faculty's feeling that inaccuracy is common in the newspaper was cited. Attention was also given to the idea that the newspaper should serve in more of a newsletter capacity than it now does, by broadening its coverage of on-campus occurrences and future events. When the discussion began to lose any semblance of constructive value, Metzger concluded it by advising Olson to consider those problems pointed out by the Forum, before this spring when the Forum will decide on the newspaper's budget for next year.

Cavness to Council

In further action, Charlie Cavness was elected to fill an opening in the Educational Council, brought about by a resignation of a student member. The former member, Jack Montgomery, is studying off campus this semester. Montgomery also sat on the Curriculum Committee of the Educational Council, and his place will be filled by Andy Reding, one of the students presently on the Council.

The last item of importance was the vote of confidence and support given to the library budget proposed by the Library Committee for next year. This action was taken to urge the Budget Operations Committee to approve the proposed budget with no substantial deletions. Although the details are secret pending approval, the student members of the Library Committee promised that the budget represented "an increase in real terms" over last year's. The Forum's vote serves as evidence of student opinion that the library should expand in all areas. (See article from the library working group's report in next week's **Campus**.)

Kunhardt's WRMC Editorial

Last Spring the student members of the College Council allocated several thousand dollars of the Student Activities fund for buying the new typesetting equipment which the newspaper, the **CAMPUS**, now uses.

When we did this, the intention and hope was that, with a better and more attractive format and a more professional operation, the college newspaper would attract a larger, more talented and diverse group of students.

We also thought at that time of using the Council's prerogative to change the self-perpetuating method of selecting the editorial board of the paper. Because of limitations of time, we unfortunately did not.

The paper, though it **looks** neater, has been erratic in publication and often poorly received. Some in the community, including the faculty council, have complained of various excessive indiscretions of some of the paper's articles. The front page of most of the issues continues to show decisions by an editorial staff of narrow political scope. And opinionated editorials are frequently printed on the front page, dissembled under the euphemism: "News Analysis".

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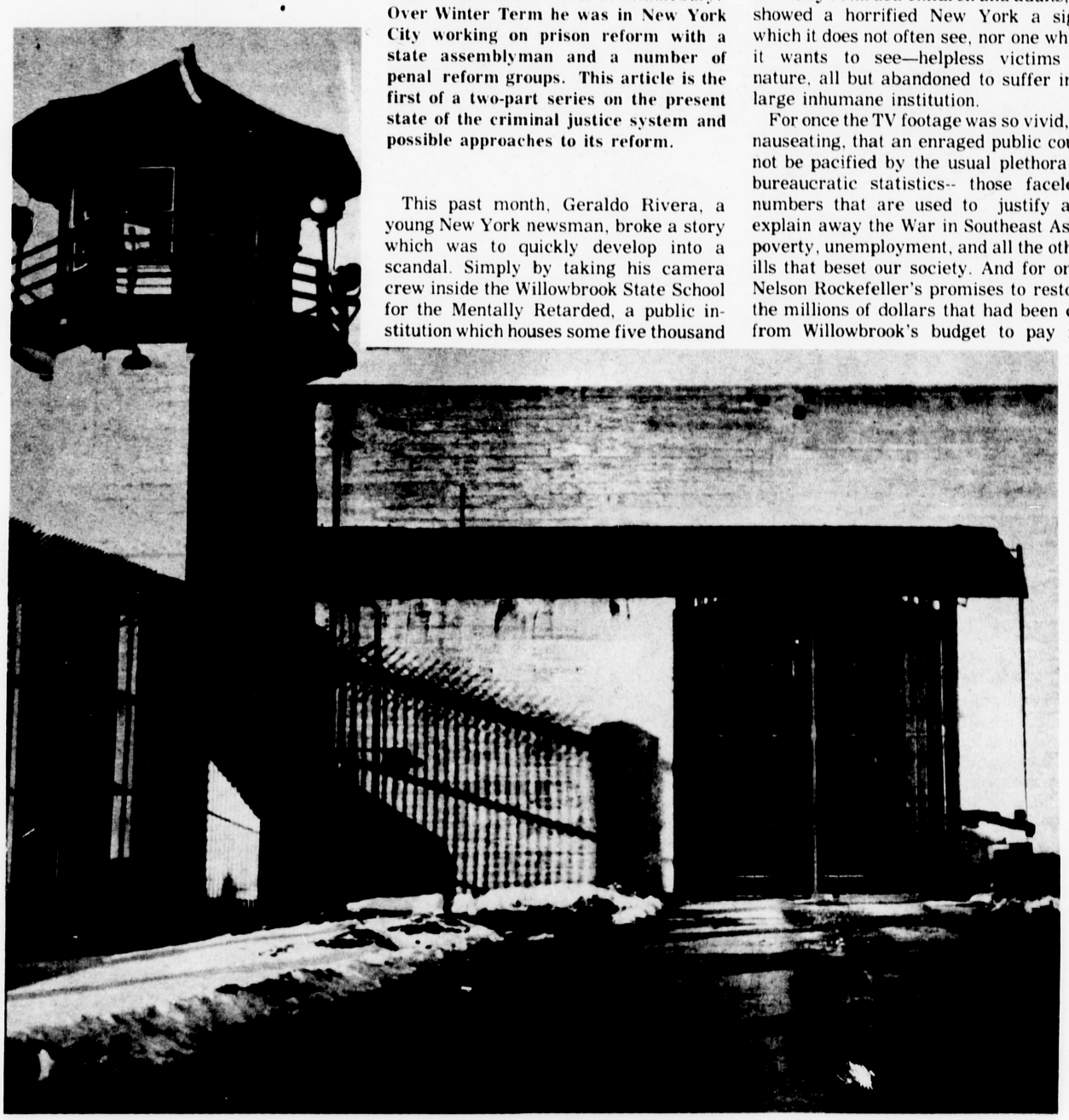
The Hidden Society -- Jails and Prisons in New York

By BRET MARCUS



Bret Marcus is a senior at Middlebury. Over Winter Term he was in New York City working on prison reform with a state assemblyman and a number of penal reform groups. This article is the first of a two-part series on the present state of the criminal justice system and possible approaches to its reform.

This past month, Geraldo Rivera, a young New York newsman, broke a story which was to quickly develop into a scandal. Simply by taking his camera crew inside the Willowbrook State School for the Mentally Retarded, a public institution which houses some five thousand mentally retarded children and adults, he showed a horrified New York a sight which it does not often see, nor one which it wants to see—helpless victims of nature, all but abandoned to suffer in a large inhumane institution.

For once the TV footage was so vivid, so nauseating, that an enraged public could not be pacified by the usual plethora of bureaucratic statistics-- those faceless numbers that are used to justify and explain away the War in Southeast Asia, poverty, unemployment, and all the other ills that beset our society. And for once Nelson Rockefeller's promises to restore the millions of dollars that had been cut from Willowbrook's budget to pay for such fiascos as the governor's 1.5 billion dollar Albany Mall seemed hollow and empty. Of course Wil' owbrook needs massive funding, just like all the other state programs whose budgets have been cut. But somehow there was the gut feeling that the disgrace that is Willowbrook demands a more radical and humane solution-- one which would never have allowed the construction of such an institution in the first place.

Willowbrook Not Unique

Willowbrook is not unique. Its very existence reflects the way American society deals with its problems, to avoid them. Naively we believe we can correct our ills by a mere gesture. We can make a "war on poverty", but shrink from the extensive readjustments required to stop breeding it. Once a commission is set up, a study made, a report written and a law passed the problem is expected to have been solved. Similarly, those who cannot or will not function in the mainstream of American society are removed from our immediate field of vision, removed from our daily experience and daily consciousness in the futile hope that the problem they represent will disappear. But the problems do not disappear. The Willowbrook story now belongs to the public. And if the public could see beyond the walls of the jails and prisons of New York State, they would see the same type of institutional treatment towards human beings.

Corrections is the third and perhaps the most critical stage of the criminal justice system. Yet, it is also the least visible and least understood part of the process. It is characterized by a lack of systematic planning with a diversity of philosophies, some of which date back to the nineteenth century' outmoded and arbitrary laws, and above all a performance record which would plunge any business into bankruptcy. Though given a mandate to rehabilitate, the correctional system degrades and brutalizes its inmates and produces a recidivism rate of as high as eighty per cent. How does the correctional system function, and at what point

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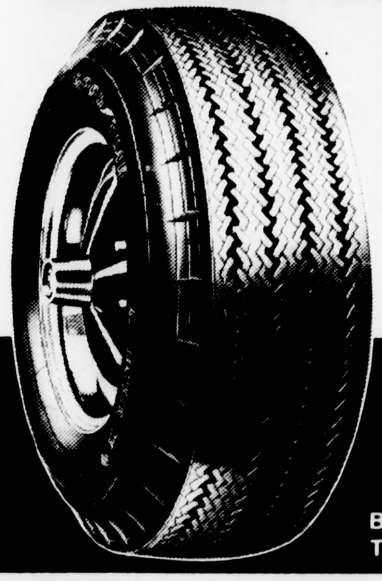

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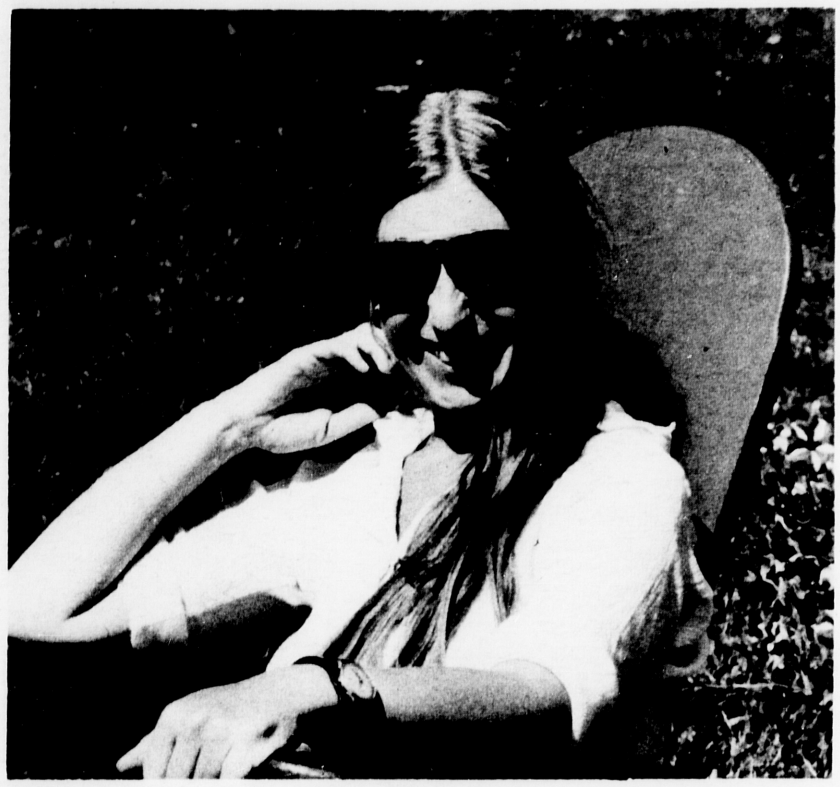
Review:

Diane Wakoski -- 'Childlike Apprehension'

By ANDREW GROSS



One of Middlebury's more memorable cultural endeavors occured last Friday when Diane Wakoski read from her poems in Munroe Lounge. Wakoski is a "not so young" poet, in her early thirties, who is rapidly emerging as one of the strongest contemporary female voices. She is author of six books of poems, the most recent of which, **The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems**, was released only a short while ago by Doubleday. A native Californian, but New Yorker by choice, Miss Wakoski continues to teach on the Bread Loaf Conference faculty.

The reading itself was not an unqualified success. Wakoski's breadth of perception is narrow; she handles the subject of herself most gracefully, her dreams, her anxieties as both woman and poet, but the quality of her verse begins to falter as she ventures outside into the world of experience.

She is emotional, but resists sentimentality. The subject Miss Wakoski handles best is the childlike apprehension of physical presences through the dream state, but when she sets herself into narrative and intellectualization, her poetry loses its concentration.

A fine aspect of her verse is the judicial severity of it—they defend her against the assault of non-meaning, the lack of presence, or emptiness, as she struggles to possess more certain realities: love, permanence, and security, which, slipping through life, elude her touch. The result is a disturbing, but yet exciting literary experience. Miss Wakoski constantly shatters her defenses as she places herself on trial before the reader—her own argument is energy, the evidence against her is presented in the form of her own verse. It is self-incriminating, perhaps even self-immolating, the severe confessional eye which penetrates the poet, "admittedly a strange combination of images, yet constantly myself" and strands her in the tentative world beyond. She speaks of her own weakness, and of her hawk-like emotions, of the primordial subjugation before the male, but also of the emasculation of him; her poems thrive upon a piercing sense of loss, a vast emotional cavity which longs to ascertain a presence far more physical, the fruit of her emotions: a father, a lover, at best, a self. Governed by this loss, Wakoski's poems attempt to fill the void of her reality, to embody the emptiness with their singular promise of meaning as they, metaphorically, become her father, her lovers, her self.

Colors are a strong part of these presences. Her color imagery is not stagecraft, but a sign of apprehension, a bridge between reality and loss. "Heat," "blue," (a central color) etc. become positive signs which really speak to her, bordering on the sense of touch, which is probably closest to her. They are forms of perception all contributing to a sort of post-Freudian mythology in which Miss Wakoski is at ease:

If George Washington
had not
been the Father
of my Country
it is doubtful I would ever have
found
a father.

As to the reading itself, I felt that the vitality of her verse was sorely hurt by the inconsistent quality of her voice. A resonance which the poetry foretells is not realized, some disturbing inflections and uncertain metrical advances overtax the rhythm of the poems. Her vocal tone, also, did not befit the emotional tone evident by her writing, the anger, the penetration was attenuated, some of the power lost. Her presence was a disappointment compared to her poetry. Yet, one thing especially was appreciated. Miss Wakoski did not rely on jokes or witticisms to reach her audience; she did not divert them with poetry, she met them in the face with a portrait of herself, stern unequivocal, and uncompromising. She did not cheat on her reading, as so many poets do, unwilling to reveal themselves before a strange crowd of people. Wakoski provided an incisive hour of poetry and that, in itself, is no little thing.

When her tone is contemptuous she is at her best, when she is recriminatory the verse sacrifices some of the intelligence to the fury of her emotions, when she is expository, Miss Wakoski fulfills her calling as a poet who well deserves to be contended with. The United States lacks a female poet who can stand with the names of Wilbur, of Merwin, or even Auden. It lacks a female poet unconstrained by the domestic, so that she can truly be a literary force. Miss Wakoski deserves to be taken that seriously.

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By ANDREW SCHWARTZ

It was a long icy drive and the car still wasn't insured but I knew that concert was gonna be a killer. Four, count 'em, four Michigan rock 'n roll bands on one bill: MC5, Mitch Ryder and Detroit, Brownsville Station, and Bob Seger with Teagarden and Van Winkle. Outside Concord, New Hampshire pick up first and only hitch-hiker, returning from several months in Europe. He and Danny talk at length about France and macrobiotic diets. I am staring through dirty windshield, twisting dial for first faint signals of Boston Top 40 radio. The things you miss living in Vermont, it's a shame. Just after picking up this guy we pass by two others, obviously frozen, shaking their fists at our rear bumper in misery and frustration. But by the time I realize just how hung up they are we're two miles down the road. Our man exits before Boston turn-off and we keep moving after chicken sandwiches and Cokes. Coming off 89 in Boston, pull into gas station, phone calls with frozen fingers. We're in luck. Old family friends in Newton are away for weekend but their kids are home and house is ours. Good-natured Radcliffe genius and fourteen-year old brother greet us at door; the latter is strictly for the blues and ice hockey, in particular order, and an up-and-coming guitarist, hybrid Peter Townshend and Otis Rush. Just in time for big dinner of lamb curry, rice, lotsa wine. These four other guys at table are student chums of Andrea's. One is somebody special because he stays over that night but right now he's eating like a hog from a trough when not making stupefying dinner conversation. And a Harvard math major at that. Tch, tch. Before dessert arrives I rush to phone Fenway Theater where breathless voice tells me to "Hurry, man, only one show tonight going until two or three a.m. and it's already started!" So much for dessert.

We are moving fast but I am delicate unwrapping tiny brown tab of reputed mescaline and gulp. Spend five seconds pondering possible effects of intake of psychotropic chemicals on future generations, then start the car, enter Mass. Pike. Get off Mass. Pike, lost. After twenty minutes aimless driving, impassive cop gives us useless directions. After ten minutes more, obliging gas-station guy says the Fenway is right around the corner, fer Chrissake. Park and run for entrance, push money to cashier, she's smiling, everything looks good. Burst into medium-size movie house, scramble for good seats which are abandoned for dancing in aisles as soon as Detroit hits the stage (we've missed Brownsville Station but everyone I ask says no loss). This version of Detroit infinitely better than distant specks of humanity visible on West Potomac Park stage over Mayday weekend. New keyboard guy, new conga player, and everybody in their finest black leather gear. Playing too many good songs to remember and I left home the notebook I was gonna carry for appearance of professionalism (in search of more free albums and concert tickets). But their "Gimme Shelter" cuts Stones' live version on bootleg album all to pieces, in fact it includes instrumental riffs from "Street Fighting Man", "Jumping Jack Flash", etc. in between verses. "C.C.Rider" and "Devil with a Blue Dress" revamped but just as fine as first-time junior high car-radio blast of years ago. And everybody looks healthy except for Mitch himself who looks crucified but unwilling to let go of his tambourine and singing beautifully in spite of the amputations. We are warming to the occasion, people in the aisles, singing along. Trio of noisy drunks next to me are even into it on some sodden level, the usher is dancing by the door, the energy level rising to a pleasant fever pitch. By the end of Detroit's set, tremendous grin is spreading across my face, I am powerless to control it. Somehow I don't care if smile requires plastic surgery to remove.

During intermission I walk upstairs, take a leak, find Mitch Ryder in the lobby. We talk of Mayday, the new album. Other kids want to get next to the stars too so I back off. Mitch is nice guy but not-so-subtly pushing album sales: "Ya gotta have a hit, man." Meet Brett, Detroit's rhythm guitarist, he's from Colordo and a nice guy too. They are **all** nice guys. Have I got anything to smoke? Surprised to be so propositioned by omnipotent rock musician but plastic baggie of kif is getting bored just sitting in coat pocket. Return to seats, turn on with two well-dressed Latin guys, great sense of humor together or one at a time. Hits are coming faster now and squinty-eyed street person thoroughly spaced is rapping to Brett about set of drawings he's been tripped out on for days. In fact he's got them right here clutched in dirty hands, wanna see? The psychedelic equivalent of French postcards and I'm not interested. Head is vibrating, hands trembling slightly, I'm sweating madly. I know the symptoms, now where's the music?

Answer is not long in coming. Curtain goes up to reveal incredible rock 'n roll foursome on stage. Oh, this must be Seger (singing) and Teagarden (drumming) and Van Winkle (organ) plus unknown guitarist who sounds good already. Seger dimly remembered as nominal head of now defunct Bob Seger System on Capitol, Tea., and VW as creators of national hit

Review:

Ernst Haefliger

By ROBERT POLIFKA

Ernst Haefliger, the world renowned Swiss tenor, gave a thrilling recital in Mead Chapel on Thursday evening, February 17. The small but enthusiastic audience was spellbound by Mr. Haefliger's beautiful voice and moving performance.

Mr. Haefliger performed Schubert's **Die Winterreise**, a cycle of twenty-four songs to poems by Wilhelm Muller. **Die Winterreise (The Winter Journey)** tells of a rejected lover, wandering through the towns and hills during a snowy winter. As he travels, his mood grows more desolate, rather than happier. Each song describes something he sees and an emotion it evokes. He sees a few signs of hope, but they pass. He contemplates suicide, but life's bitter strength holds him. He sees death approaching and finally resigns himself.

Particularly good songs were "Die Post" and "Die Krahe." In "Die Post" he sees the mail coming and hopes there is a letter from his lover. Despairing, yet still hopeful, Haefliger made the audience feel that small but strong glow of youthful hope as he cries "My heart!" As the narrator leaves one town, he notices a crow in the air above him. In "Die Krahe," the crow is following him. But where? Is it perhaps to his death? Haefliger almost whispered this song, making it so eerie and hauntingly mysterious, that it sent a chilling wave through the audience.

Technically, Mr. Haefliger's performance was also stunning. His breath control is stupendous, and was able to successfully vocalize any effect he wanted. His voice is basically a light one, yet capable of full volume when the song merits it. His pianissimo was stunning, particularly in "Die Krahe" and "Wasserflut." His full piano-forte crescendo was also outstanding. Mr. Haefliger seemed to have trouble only with some of the really low notes. Mr. Haefliger seemed aware of this difficulty, and tried to ease the notes out of his lower chest register, rather than loudly belching them out.

Mr. Haefliger moved very well, as do all great "lieder" singers to emphasize or flavor a particular phrase. He took the final song, "Der Leiermann" ("The Organ Grinder") much faster than most singers do. Mr. Haefliger explained that the cycle should not end on a melancholic note. Rather, the narrator has bitterly accepted his fate, and awaits death.

Haefliger was accompanied on the piano by Franz Rupp. Mr. Rupp was having difficulty with the piano. Mr. Haefliger also explained that he has not worked for very long with Mr. Rupp. Since, in many ways, "lieder" singing is a very extemporaneous art, Mr. Rupp managed well under the circumstances.

Fighting a loud piano and the very cold, impersonal acoustics of Mead Chapel,

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EDITORIAL

Several weeks before the confrontation between Howard Burchman and the Navy recruiters, we received a request for a half page ad from the Navy. The ad was laid out in an informal sort of way, and ended with an invitation to "come rap with your Navy recruiter". We decided not to run that ad. Instead we ran an announcement of their impending visit.

Not that the Campus couldn't use the money from a half-page ad; we could. But it did seem that the misrepresentations in that ad were so substantial that we could not print it and maintain a standard of ethics in advertising. First, the ad would have the reader understand that the Navy was some sort of official haven for the counter-culture, where one "rapped" with one's superiors all the time. This is obviously not true.

The ad also seemed to try to convince the reader that the sole purpose of the Navy Aviation Recruiters was to give some college students a break - to give them a better job than they would get if they were drafted. That is also untrue. The prime purpose of the Navy recruiters was to get people into Aviation so the skills and intelligence of Middlebury students would not be wasted as they would if the student were drafted. Instead, they would rather have the student become a pilot, a highly efficient tool of the Navy's business. And the Navy's business is killing people. A short study of the role of Naval Aviation in Vietnam would show that they are very good at their business.

Another important element in our consideration was the fact that the Navy has a powerful weapon of coercion, the draft, that limits people's choices. They are not marketers in the free market of employers. Their ads all carry the implication: "take this chance, because if you don't you'll be a foot-soldier when they draft you."

That consideration is related to the one of resources for advertising in general. The Army has a great deal of money to spend on advertising. The anti-war movement has relatively little. The same is true of the corporate interests. General Motors has full page ads in most national magazines every month. Campaign GM did not. Defense contractors like Lockheed run ads that explain their side of political issues, and construction equipment companies like Caterpillar extol the values of more and bigger highways. Often, it seems, those advertisers are more interested in exercizing financial power over the content of the publication than in selling their products. On the other hand, organizations like Common Cause and The Sierra Club are hard pressed for every bit of publicity that they can get.

Thus there is a problem of access to media. The larger corporations and the government have a great deal of access to the means of mass communication, because they have vast amounts of money. There is no direct proportion between concern with the public welfare and amount of financial resources, and perhaps there is a case to be made for the idea that there is an inverse proportion.

Of course the strongest objection to a newspaper's rejecting ads is the fact that it limits the free speech of the advertising conpanies. This is a serious question. However, before we feel that it can be applied, the poor must be given access as well as the rich, in the same amount. In addition, moral considerations prohibit us from giving space to information that we know is untrue, whether the information comes to us as an article or an advertisement.

This is a decision that we have reached and acted upon. We are open to criticism, and suggestions. This is a community newspaper, and we solicit the views of the community on our actions.

By JUNIE MCNAIR

I Thought

On top of a mountain
Looking down
you look
you wonder...

Why do people lie?
Why do people steal?

Sitting in the grass
Looking up
Into the clear, blue sky
you look
you wonder...

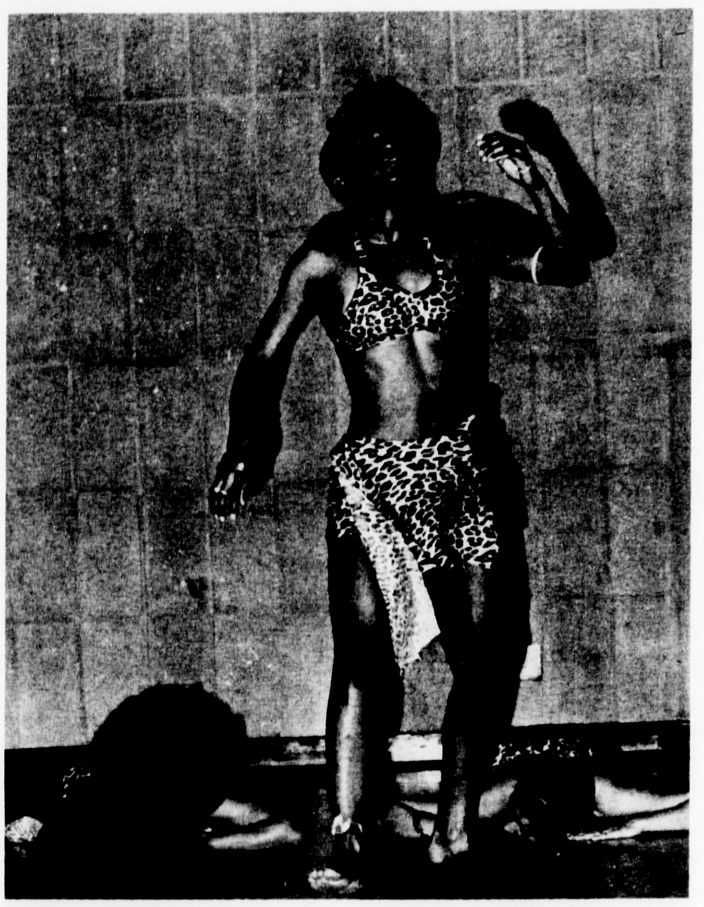
Why do people cry?
Why do people kill?

On a smooth, cold rock
Staring stright ahead
you look
you wonder...

Why do men die?
Why is there war?

People lie;
People steal
People cry;
People kill
People die;
there is war.

On top of a high mountain
Looking down
(Imagining you are the Creator himself)
you wonder...



BINTU

By MADOUN JOBE

I tried to write you a poem,
Black woman of the savannah,
But the words broke into a million pieces
Too weak to conform to my sentiments.

Gratitude was all you asked me for.
i have given you even more,
But I cannot say it because
My heart is too full of you.

i choke when i try
To say a word or two about how
Your love was a reality to me
When the world was yet unreal.

I still hold memories of that mango tree
Under which you nursed me
While i was yet a creeping thing
Playing on the green savannah.

My mind is buried in the tree
Which was the gamesite of my childhood
And i cannot sing your love and beauty
Until i return to that mango tree.

Pardon me, Dark woman of the savannah.
I shall not let you down.
If today's been a failure,
I'll try again tomorrow.

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS, the student newspaper at Middlebury College, is published in Middlebury, Vermont, every Thursday of the College year, except during official holidays and examination periods. Opinions expressed in the newspaper do not necessarily reflect the official position of the College. Signed columns, letters and articles are the responsibility of the writer.

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Black Poetry

RIOTS ARE MADE OF:

By BRUCE GILL

Riots are made
By the invasion
Of brutal pigs
On the domain
Of beautiful Black
Brothers and sisters
Trying to survive
In a filthy world
Under inhuman conditions.
Riots are made
Of memories
Of white atrocities
Perpetrated against
Black humanity
In times of
Mass submission
When shackles were
Our women's jewelry
And degradation
Was our currency,
The era of
Total humiliation
Of Africa's subjugation.
Riots are made
Being waged in
Black men's minds
Revolutions violating
Ritual myths
Of Black inferiority
Revolutions bringing truth
To Black minds
Of Black glory
And Black identity.
Riots are made
Of the over-saturation
Of urban slums
Those dehumanized
Cubby-holed dwellings
Of America's metropolis
With the...
Crying, sighing, struggling
Mugging, screaming, stealing
Running, hiding, dying
Millenium of Black bodies
Surging forward
Bonded together by
The ecstatic convulsions
Of regurgitative orgasms.
Riots are made
By shitty legislation
Of bullshit politicians
Trying to keep us down
By turning slums
Into areas of detention.
Reminding us of
The ever present
McKarren Act,
Allowing white trash Mafia
To pollute
Young Black minds with
Caps of coke
And duces of H,
Shuffling us onto
Welfare roles,
Raising taxes, and
Cutting welfare finances
To send cerebral guinea pigs
To the moon,
Mis-educating our youth
In the name of
White supremacy,
Blaming higher crime rates
In our communities
On the impulses
Of Black savagery,
Those fucked up politicians
Who are gonna get fucked up by...
...Riots made
Of consuming fire,
Fire as heat,
Heat as the sun
Blazing down
On black faces
Caught in the blast furnaces
Of Harlem and Watts
Detroit and Newark,
Having their brains baked,
Suffocating from claustrophobia
Caused by the
Sweltering mugginess
And finality
Of their existence.
Which leads to the
Explosive liberation
Of subconscious hatreds
Directed towards the
Cause of this existential hell,
"Kill the pig"
"Fuck whitey"
"Burn Ameri-k-k-k-a to the ground!"
Riots are made Of exploded emotions
Screaming for vengeance,
Taking a violent journey
To gain Black freedom.
Riots were made yesterday
Riots are made today
Riots will be made tomorrow
Riots will continue to be made
Until they swell
Into revolution,
Revolution which
Will swallow all evil
Or devour mankind.

Black Week

SISTER WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

By MADOUN JOBE

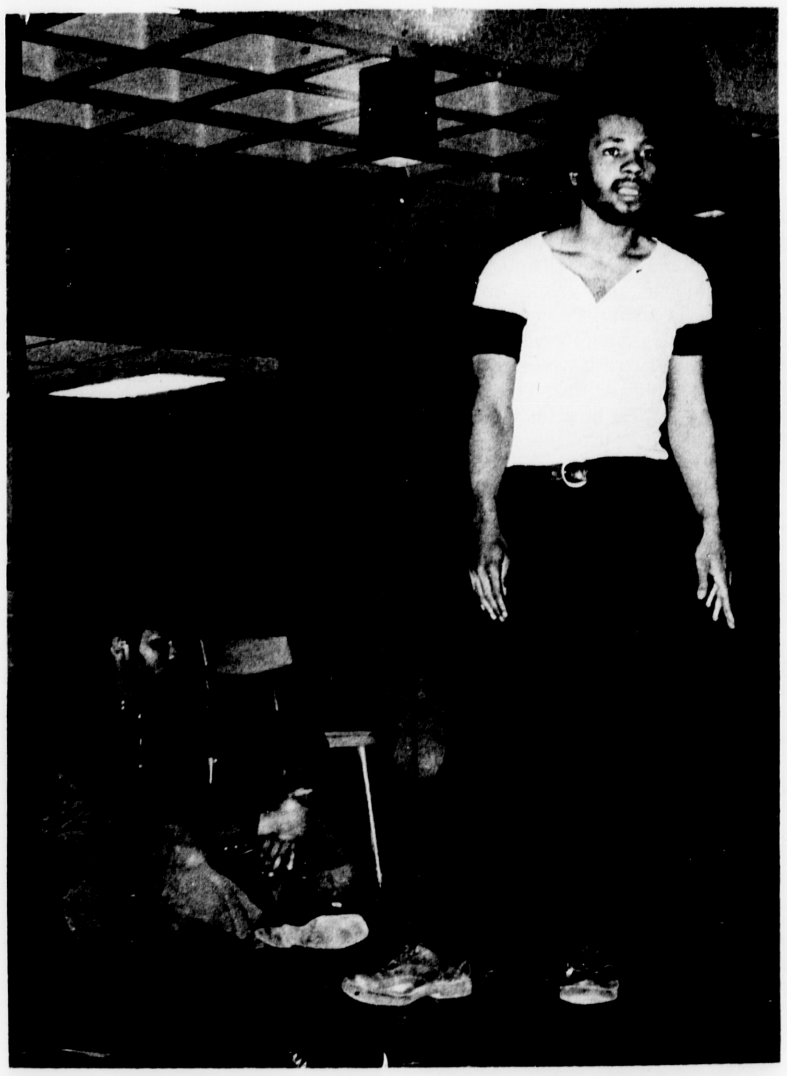
Amid a crowd of hungry businessmen,
She made frantic haste
Like a housewife at a dinner party.
"Mademoiselle, du cafe s'il vous plait."
She paused for a second
To balance her dark, slender body
On her white, high-heeled shoes,
Then with gazellic grace,
She went about her errands.

"Sister, what is your name?"
Her liquid-brown eyes smiled at me
With the wetness of a tropical rainfall,
But she made no reply.

"Mademoiselle, du the glace s'il vous plait."
She was gone again dancing in her walk
To the familiar rhythm of baptismal drums.
If only I knew her name,
I would enchant her
To love me all her life,
And I would give my name to her,
And make her princess
Of the royal house of N'joben.

"Sister, what is your name?"
She gave me a parting smile
That betrayed the brightness
Of an African sunshine,
But she made no reply.

Nothing is more frustrating
Than a woman who won't give in.



The Hidden Society

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does the individual accused of a crime come into contact with it?

Unfulfilled Promises

The Constitution guarantees the accused a speedy trial. In large cities such as New York, this is an unfulfilled promise in the majority of cases. Upon arrest, it is not unusual to await six months to a year for a trial date. The poor and pre-dominantly non-white who cannot afford bail languish in the city jails to await trial. It is at this point that many have their first bitter tast of New York's correctional institutions. (A jail is for those awaiting trial or those serving sentences of up to one year; sentences of more than one year are served in upstate prisons.) Although two thirds of the jail population is in pre-trial detention and has been convicted of no crime, they are in effect "doing time" in maximum security, in an environment similar to those of upstate maximum security prisons.

Overcrowding is the rule, not the exception in the citis' jails. The inmates of the Tombs rioted in August, 1970 because a facility designed for 932 inmates at that time was housing 1,980 inmates. Today the city's jails are still jammed to 142% of capacity. Things which we take for granted- adequate and nutritionally sound food, a regular change of clothes and a shower and a clean place in which to live are denied to much of the jail population. The fact that a warden could reply to the charge that his institution was not properly clothing its inmates with the reply, "we're not in the haberdashery business", and the fact that much of the legislation up for passage this session in both the city and the state deals with such basic human necessities as adequate soap, reveals the levels to which we have sunk in our regard for another human's life.

Basic Rights Denied

Basic legal rights, such as the right to a trial, are often disregarded as well. The total number of cases now handled by the courts is so staggering that it has become impossible for them to deal adequately with defendents. In 1970 there were 94,000 felony arrests in New York City, but only 552 trials. 95% of all criminal cases are handled outside of the courtroom. Most of these cases are disposed of by "plea-bargaining", by which the defendent pleads guilty to a reduced charge, and receives a lighter sentence than if he had been convicted of the crime he was originally charged with. Though it saves the courts time and money, plea-bargaining has serious drawbacks. D.A.s can and do threaten to "throw the book" at the defendent unless he pleads guilty to a reduced charge. Thus there are innocent men and women, again mostly the poor who cannot afford expert legal aid, who receive a lighter sentence for for committing no crime at all, and will be haunted by a criminal record for the rest of their lives. On the other hand this system has made it easier for the guilty to pay a lower price for their crimes.

Finally, a rash of suicides and deaths in the city jails, up to 32 in 1971 alone, has spotlighted the high incidence of drug addiction or mental disturbance among the inmate population, and the fact that these people don't belong in jail at all, but should be receiving adequate medical and psychiatric attention.

Pre-trial Detention Practices

Endless studies have revealed that pretrial detention conditions are destructive and tend to increase family disintegration and lead to repeated criminal conduct. On the other hand, experiments in community based programs for drug rehabilitation, counselling, employment and related services for those charged with crimes have shown considerable promise for stabilization of criminal conduct and rehabilitation. For example, three years ago, the Vera Institute of Justice arranged an experiment with the courts known as The Court Employment Project. Selected men were taken out of pretrial detention and provided with counselling and job placement. Successful participants had criminal charges against them dismissed. The project shows that only 16% of those who completed the program were rearrested, whereas approximately 50% of an equivalent group who were not in the program were later rearrested. This may be the stage of the criminal justice process where reform could begin, before conviction and sentencing to an upstate prison.

The "Auburn System", so named because it was first instituted at Auburn prison in upstate New York in 1823, became the model for nineteenth century American penal institutions. The theory was that if the "salvation of the prisoner's soul" was to be attained, prison life and its punishment had to reek of dread and horror. Of course over the intervening 150 years, this "theory" was modified to accomodate constructive rehabilitation. As a result, solitary confinement, torture, and a rule of silence are no longer official procedures. Yet we are learning that the frequency with which they appear in our prisons suggests that the reality may be closer to 1823 than 1972. What goes on in state prisons is slowly but surely becoming public knowledge. Attica, one of the tiniest "communities" in New York State suddenly became front page news all over the world. What was the revolt and ensuing massacre at Attica really all about?

Attica Demands

Attica was all about 28 non-negotiable demands which the inmates lived and died for; demands which could have echoed the sentiments of almost any prison population in the country; demands which were no more radical than a basic call for human rights. The following paragraph from the introduction of the Attica Manifesto goes right to the heart of the problem:

"We, the inmates of Attica prison, have grown to recognize beyond the shadow of a doubt, that because of our posture as prisoners and branded characters as alleged criminals, the administration and prison employees no longer consider or respect us as human beings, but rather as domesticated animals selected to do their bidding in slave labor and funrished as a personal whipping dog for their sadistic, psychopathic hate."

And the Attica demands, demands for adequate food and medical attention, demands for meaningful rehabilitative and educational programs, demands for a minimum wage as opposed to the twenty five cents a day inmmaates are paid for doing degrading and obsolete work, demands for just legal proceedings and the institution of an ombudsman, demands for the recruitment of black and Spanish-speaking guards in an institution where there is one Puerto Rican guard for an inmate population which is 65 to 75% black and Spanish-speaking, demands for an end to censorship of mail and increased visiting privileges, although agreed to by Commissioner Oswald in September, have not as yet been implemented. If Attica does not move us, what new horror will?

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Dental Clinic 'Revisited'

By KIM WHITE

As the Community Council, and the College community at large, reopens the question of the Dental Clinic, the debate will center around the moral and philosophical issue President Armstrong spoke to in his first objection to the Clinic request, i.e. the issue to the College's social responsibility to the community. As I see it, there are two issues involved: the definition (and the limitations imposed by that definition) of our social responsibility, and the priority decisions involved when the College has allocated space.

Middlebury College does relate to the town in some ways. Students and faculty are active in a number of organizations. The College as an institution does contribute to the ambulance fund and to the fire department. However, it must be noted that these services benefit both the townspeople and the College community. I don't feel that this is social responsibilty is a pure sense; it is tainted to a certain extent with self-interest. For the College to break away from this limitation, it would require an expansion of its concept of responsibility. It would require the recognition on the College's part that as an element of the Addison County Community, it must do what it can to help alleviate some of the pressing problems a community of the rural poor must deal with. The population of Addison County is 24,266. Of that figure, a minimum of 7000 people urgently need dental care. In the Middlebury Elementary School alone, 80% of the children examined had tooth dacay. And $6000 worth of dental equipment is sitting in a barn for lack of space for a clinic.

In his letter of December 8, 1971 to President Armstrong, John Graham wrote: "The institution (meaning the college) appears to have done little or nothing in its social commitment to the community of the poor. At times it has even contributed to the problem, i.e. the local housing shortage because of the number of units purchased by the college, and the low wages often paid to physical maintenance personnel employed by the college." A re-opening of the moral issue is clearly in order.

The second issue related to the Clinic is the priorities by which the college presently allocates its space. For the past 24 years, the College has given two rooms in Painter to an Army Reserve Intelligence Unit. The unit, the 433rd Military Intelligence Detachment, Middlebury, Vermont, is commanded by Lt. Col. Harris Thurber, a member of the faculty. Its original purpose was to enable Middlebury students returning from World War II to fulfill their reserve requirements. Today, the unit meets 2 weekends a month and 2 weeks during the summer in Burlington, which means that the two rooms in Painter are office space. The 433rd engages in research and analysis projects for the Army dealing with foreign policy problems, and their documents on this were transferred to Burlington last June. There is no reason to conclude that the unit engages in surveillance activities, because members of the unit freely admitted that they do have office space in Painter. I had no difficulty in gathering information on the unit. A second point to be considered is that for its part, the Navy has a file on UVM but no file on Middlebury. But at any rate, the Army isn't secretive about its Middlebury detachment.

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Rock Singer

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"God, Love, and Rock and Roll" and one appearance at Filmore East under Proco Harum. Open up with Muddy Waters Saturday-night-stepping-out anthem "I'm Ready" and I'm dancing again. Trying to work out steps a la Smokey & the Miracles at the Apollo last September but can't remember anything or even hold a thought for more than a few seconds. Caught up in great churning waves of music, waling organ, mercurial guitar, beautiful groove on this tune.

Who are these guys anyway. Appear to share collective IQ of 47 and played every beer-bar and high school dance in entire Midwest at least twice. The two Latin guys are eyes-closed, shuffling back and forth in the aisles behind me, Danny is farther up on a seat, I know he's digging it. Open my own eyes and take a closer look at this band, especially lead singer. Bob Seger is tall, horse-faced, stringy dark hair hanging to shoulders of denim jacket over orange t-shirt, crotch-tight jeans. But natural and straight-ahead, not a "bust a button on me trousers" tease like Jagger, not total decadent gross-out like Iggy Stooge. "Carol" really rocks the joint the way Berry intended it to, such a great song but of course the Stones did definitive cover version, twice in fact, and nobody . . . hey but wait a minute, this band is **something else.** That Bob Seger is really **phenomenal**, can't take my eyes off him. Hear how he just changed a word around, don't remember which word it was but didn't it sound great? And his tone and fantastic presence and total strangle-hold on the song, wow, he's terrific! Hey, **ROCK ON! UNLEASH BOB SEGER!** I must be yelling now 'cause people are turning and smiling at me but I smile back and they agree, he is great and if they don't know it now they will after gripping duet between Seger and Mitch Ryder on "Let It Rock" (and I thought the Stones had all-time cover of that one on flip side of English single "Brown Sugar") and monstrous medley of "Bo Diddley"/"Who Do You Love." The band is chugging along behind primal rhythm and Seger is frighteningly forceful. He's not only walked 47 miles of barbed wire, he's lived to sing about it. Wait a minute, I know that organ riff, it's Dave Mason's "Look at You, Look at Me" but with infinitely more conviction. Excellent guitarist turns out to be Michael Bruce, formerly of Bobby Bland Revue and an old Okie buddy of Skip Van Winkle's. Seger's own top 40 hit (with the System) of "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" is revived and since I don't know the song, can't sing along, I look around behind me and how about that, **HE'S LEVITATED THE WHOLE AUDIENCE**, everyone's on their seats, small people on big people's shoulders and everyone's singing the chorus until finally Seger in supreme gesture of love and show-biz holds the mike over ecstatic audience which roars their response.

Recall myself kneeling in the aisle in reverence when Seger sits at electric piano and delivers tender ballad of his own composition. I hear piano chords full of color and light, a voice so soft and warm like it was the only way he knew how to sing, but it's not and after last musical breath of life is wrung from "Turn on Your Love Light" and curtain closes and lights go up I'm standing there screaming for more until usher tells me to calm, there's more music coming. And when we walk wearily up the aisle into smelly frozen night, drive slowly back to Newton and even more slowly back to Middlebury through blinding snowstorm and furious winds, I still remember. And it's good to know that Bob Seger is here to carry on the essence of rock 'n roll, like Richard and Elvis before him. Ya gotta believe me, ya gotta see him to believe me, he's the greatest.

Black View of Black Week

By MARY-LOUISE ROMNEY

I realize that much of what will be said in this article will be a reiteration of what Neilda Lee and Bruce Gill said in an interview on WRMC's "Night Talk" of February 20, but I don't know that the program was listened to by enough people, so I am taking this opportunity to express my views, though quite similar to theirs.

What was most disturbing to the black people on this campus, was that the events scheduled during Black Week were so poorly attended by white students and faculty on campus, except for those events whose emphasis was on entertainment more so than education, though the purpose of the week as a whole was to educate the white population on campus. It was largely a response to the attitude by some white people that black people here alienate themselves from the rest of the campus.

IN

In an attempt to remedy this, BSMU (Black Students for Mutual Understanding) provided a week during which white people would have the opportunity to learn more about black people, and **share** this learning experience with us--on various levels: political, social, and cultural.

It is the contention by most black people on this campus that most white people weren't interested enough in what was going on, or therefore learning more about black people, to participate in most of the events offered. Lack of money is not a sufficient excuse. All but two or three things were free. Lack of time is not a sufficient excuse either. It was our first week of school too. And I, like most of the other black students, am a week behind in all four subjects, and I, like most otner black students spent my Winter Tern in preparation for that Week--three hour dance rehearsals nightly, poetry-reading rehearsals, etc., in addition to our Winter Term courses--therefore, I like most other black students did not appreciate the fact that white students did not respect our efforts enough to want to participate in or

The implication here is not that the entire success Black Week hinged entirely on white participation. It was intended to be a week which would establish the basis for further communication between blacks and whites on this campus (mutual understanding), but it appears that the white people have not kept their end of the bargain. So how can we eliminate the barriers, (or alienation) between whites and blacks here? Do whites want them eliminated? This does not appear to be the case. It seems that whites don't care one way or another. If anything is done to improve the situation about which whites originally complained, it seems that it will have to be dome by blacks. Blacks took the initial step.

An explanation of the lack of white response was offered, bya listener to "Night Talk" last night, who said that since the black experience and black people in general are such a small part of white peoples' lives and concerns, it was not surprising that they showed such apathy towards the week. My answer to this would be that I agree with him--that people at Middlebury are generally apathetic, but the point is that they should not be, and this too is what angers me.

What I have to return to, which I started earlier in this article, is that white people did not ignore **all** of what went on during the week. But it seems a little ironic to me that one of the two or three things which were not free, was one best attended event of the week. I am referring to "La Premiere Kuumba," the dance performance held on Friday night (Febuary 18) in Johnson. This points back to what I was saying earlier about the attendance of events of an entertaining rather the educational nature For example, I was especially disappointed in the English department's lack of attendance at the poetry reading on that same afternoon. This was one of the most beautiful and moving productions of the entire week. The biggest question on the minds of many of the sisters who participated in it, and many black people in the audience, was why if the English department usually appears en masse at any other poetry reading, did none of them come to ours?

If the poetry reading was free, and there was an admission charge for the dance production, then why was the dance production so poorly attend? The answer offered by several black people I know, is that "white people **know** that we can dance but they don't know that we can read or write poetry." (I should take this opportunity to say that as a performer in that production, I was surprised at the rude- ness and lack of cooperation of the audience at the performance.) This, as far as I am concerned is an accurate and sufficient answer, and is also a comment on the week as a whole. That white people here were not willing to make any discoveries, or to use the week to theeir advantage, was quite evident in their reaction to it.

So, we have made our move--we were the initiators. Where do we go from here? It's your move, Middlebury.

Burchman to Have Open Hearing

The Judicial Council, in an unprecedented move, will allow Howard Burchman to have an open hearing when he appears before that Council soon. Burchman is charged with disrespect for college officials, harrassment, and improper and unauthorized use of space. The charges stem from his confrontation with Navy recruiters on Feb. 1.

The Council was faced with the problem of the Dean's refusal to consider an open hearing, and Burchman's avowed determination to take Middlebury to court to win the right to a public trial.

The Dean's, according to Council member Eric Himmel, were anxious to preserve the practice of closed hearings because it protected the members of the Council from adverse publicity which might surround an unpopular decision. The Council, according to Himmel, decided that they were willing to take the risk of public scrutiny in order to satisfy Burchman's request.

At this point it is still not clear whether the Council's decision, and the Dean's acceptance of it, will form a precedent for future open hearings.

The issue of right to Counsel also must be resolved before the case comes to a hearing. Once again, Burchman is demanding what he calls a Constitutional right, and the Dean's are replying that it is against college rules. Burchman has stated in the past that he will take the necessary actions to ensure that his lawyer, Paul Berch, is able to represent him. Councilman Himmel, on the other hand, expressed the view that he thought that Burchman; "may be willing to ease up on that."

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'B' Hockey Wins

By DAVE McCOMICK

The Middlebury B Hockey Team continued its winning ways last weekend, carving out two victories. The skaters bombed North Country Community College 21-2 Friday night at Lake Placid, New York, and defeated South Carleton High School of Ottowa, Ontario 6-2 at home on Saturday.

The Panthers played sluggishly in the opening minutes of the game with North Country, and after fifteen minutes of the first period the score was tied 1-1. After that time, the mismatch of the squads became apparent. The Middlebury team pumped in five quick goals to end the period with a 6-1 lead. The Panthers netted nine more in the second period and another six in the third to complete the massacre. Woody Ladd led the B skaters with four goals, while John Burditt, Craig Henrici, and Dave McCormick all tallied three goal "hat tricks." Jim Clarke and Fred Erdman both scored twice, and Bob Fielding, Bob Hamilton, Brooke Roverts, and Chris Cutter chipped in single markers.

The South Carleton game was the most consistent team effort the squad has shown this season. The Panthers kept the Canadian squad bottled up in its own end for the majority of the game, and outshot them almost two to one.

Coming out of the first period tied 1-1, Middlebury completely dominated the second period, and scored four times to South Carleton's single tally. Midd scored once more during the third period, during which goaltender Gondo Dallaire was pressed but proved to be nearly impregnable. Chris Cutler played a sparkling game for Middlebury, scoring five of the six Panther goals. Fred Erdman accounted for the other Middlebury score.

The B-team Panthers have now won five of their last six games, with an overall season's record of 6-4. Remaining games for the squad included a rematch last Wednesday with a very strong Williams team, a scrimmage against the Barre Black Hawks on Sunday, Fevruary 27, and a home game against R.P.I. Wednesday, March 1.

Dartmouth Carnival

By DAVE UYRUS

A balanced Dartmouth College ski team captured their Winter Carnival the weekend of February 11-12. The Middlebury skiers finished second, 1.9 points back.

The alpine squad, supposedly the question mark of this team, performed admirably. Jim Vandergrift was able to capture a third in the giant slalom and an eleventh in the slalom. Better yet was the performance of Jamie Knowlton, with a seventh in the giant slalom and a fourth in the slalom.

Hugh Barber led the strong jumping team to another good finish. Barber took a second in the jump with Bruce McLaughery finishing sixth. A reasonable showing in the cross-country would have secured a victory for the Panthers, but this was not the case. The strong field allowed only one Middlebury man in the top five. This was a suprising fourth place taken by Gary Johnson.

Dental Clinic cont.

For his part, President Armstrong did sign an agreement with the Army. In a conversation with him, he told me that at the time he signed it, he did not know that office space had been allocated. The agreement, he said, seemed to deal with changing the numerals of the unit to 433 and maintaining the College's affiliation with the unit. The space had originally been allocated by Dr. Stratton, President of the College in 1947. The agreement may be cancelled by either party at any time. President Armstrong has told me that he cannot reconcile the space in Painter to his stated position on Dental Care; i.e. the College cannot allocate resources to non-educational purposes or to programs that don't serve the students. Old Chapel is looking into this, and if there is such a contradiction (indeed, how could there not be?), the President said "It will have to go."

Partly for these reasons, I feel that the presence of office space to the Reserves (or even free space for ROTC), isn't really the central issue. In fact, it would be a gross error to make this the central issue, in spite of the fact that personally I abhor American militarism and military presence on campuses. I noticed today that someone put out posters relating the Clinic to ROTC. Obviously the Clinic and ROTC and/or the Clinic and the Reserves are related issues; it's a problem of College priorities. But I also feel that it would be obscene for a group of bourgeois college students at this point in time to obfuscate the issue by screaming about militarism, military-university complicity, etc. For the poor of Addison County, this is a crucial time, and their concern is with dental care and a better quality of life. We as comfortable students must not allow ourselves the luxury of subverting that concern in any way. The military is an issue only in the context of • College priorities—and the debate on that has already begun. To obscure the issue with rhetoric and activity against militarism while the poor of Addison County silently wait for relief so long denied them would be morally offensive. (One could argue that the peoples of Indochina are waiting too, but that's a different struggle. Nixon doesn't need Middlebury, Vermont to wage his war in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.)

There is a clearly defined social need here in Middlebury, and I feel that the College has an obligation to respond to it.

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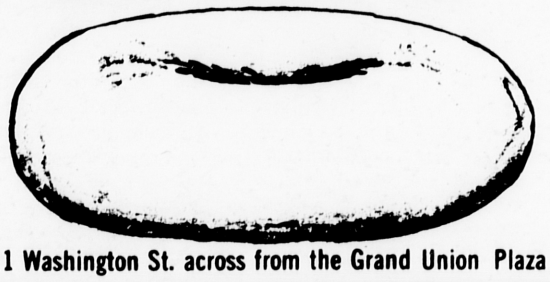

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

She Panthers Place 8th

By DAVE UYRUS

Middlebury College played host to the best female swimmers and divers in New England recently. The Arthur M. Brown pool was the site of this NCAA regional qualifying meet, Saturday, January 29. Top finishers based on time and scoring results will continue competition in the Eastern Regionals later this year.

President Armstrong opened the ceremonies at ten o'clock and Dean Wonnocott presented the final awards in the late afternoon. In between the thirteen teams entered in the meet took over. Springfield College dominated the meet by winning eight of the thirteen events and amassing 116.5 points. The nearest challenger was Southern Connecticut State College with 77.5 points.

Middlebury, with a better than average showing, managed to place eighth, with a total of 7.5 points. This included third place finish for Laura Fuller in the 50 yard freestyle and a fifth place for Jane McGill in the 50 yard breastroke.

Although Springfield College dominated the meet it was an enjoyable experience. The crowd was amiable and appreciative of the girls' efforts. The good sportsmanship between the girls proved an interesting contrast to the hard feelings that seem to prevail over today's sports scene. Amateur athletics existed at Brown pool for the afternoon and when the events concluded, there were no hard feelings; just pride or disappointment.

Middlebury had intended to conclude its season with a potent Albany State team at Albany. Due to an unexpected snowstorm however, the meet was cancelled.

Varsity Hockey Out of Doldrums

By TOM RYAN

If they are bad, you give them grief; if they're outstanding, they get headlines and kudos, but when mediocrity is the yawning dictator of the game, the sportswriter sits uncomfortably staring at his typewriter in the same state of torpidity which made the two hours of hockey about as exciting as the monotonous laps of Sunday afternoon open skating. Well, the Middlebury pucksters have finally dispelled that curse. Led out of the doldrums by the expert puck play of Don Curtis who is averaging two goals per game, the Panther offense has found a scoring alchemy which has not only turned three out of the last four games into wins, but which has more importantly given the golden gleam of a truly winning performance to all four of those games.

Hamilton and Colby Dumped

Toppling Hamilton 7-3 appears to have been the turning point in Midd's season, as the seven Panther goals attested to the new scoring punch of the finally gelled offense. Coach Wendy Forbes reported that his squad hadn't adopted any new strategy but that the improvement was possibly due to the team's growing experience and maturing teamwork. He also noted a definitely more offense-minded and aggressive attitude. Particularly outstanding was Curtis whose constantly goalward aimed stick harried Hamilton out of two goals and thus set a personal pattern to be repeated in the next three games.

Swinging into Maine to dump Colby 5-4, the Panthers affirmed their offensive efficacy in shattering goalies' points-allowed-per-game averages. Playing not outstandingly but in a conservative 'just well enough to win' manner, the Midd squad displayed a coolness and control characteristic of a club gaining momentum.

Bowdoin Outplayed, But . . .

That momentum peaked in the game against Bowdoin which despite its tally in the loss column was one of the Panthers' best efforts of the year. Leading 5-4 late in the third period, Midd gave up Tim Silver and two goals during the interim of a five minute high-sticking penalty. The resulting 7-5 final did not dismay Coach Forbes who said, "We should have won. Weplayed an excellent game, especially offensively."

Replying to the observation that the increased offensive fire power had been accompanied by an increase in the goals per game scored against his squad, the Panther mentor pointed out that any concentrated effort and emphasis on offensive penetration is bound to somewhat loosen the defense. He went on to indicate, however, that the increased scoring was more important and quite justified in light of the fact that the majority of the opponents goals have been scored on power-plays when Midd was a man short. Four of Bowdoin's seven goals, were recorded under such circumstances.

Not the defense but rather the penalty box, second home of Barry Jones, seems to be the spectre. Coach Forbes would be pleased with a tighter defense and plans to work on it, but as it stands, he says it is above average. To bolster the defense, especially the penalty killing segment, Charlie O'Sullivan has been moved into the blue line cordon from his forward position, and his ability to get the puck out of the zone has already merited praise. In the crease and anchoring the squad is Larry Perlman. Although Perlman himself feels that his game could be a bit more polished, his coach points out that it is Perlman's steadiness and consistency in the nets which makes him invaluable.

St. Anselm's Down, UVM To Go

Reversing the situation of the Bowdoin game, the Panthers took advantage of an abundance of power-play goals to slip by St. Anselm's 7-6. Having tallied five times on the power-play, Midd led 6-4 with two minutes remaining to the final buzzer. With a tremendous surge, St. Anselm's battled to a tie only t be again (and this time irrevocably) faced with defeat as the Panthers scored only two minutes into the overtime.

Skating with confidence, the Panthers felt robbed of revenge over Williams by a snow storm which, though causing cancellation of that game, insured Williams of a pleasant Carnival. The Panthers next primed to meet their bitter rival — UVM— which was riding a ten game winning streak. The game missed press but as of publication the prospects for a home arena victory were reasonable.

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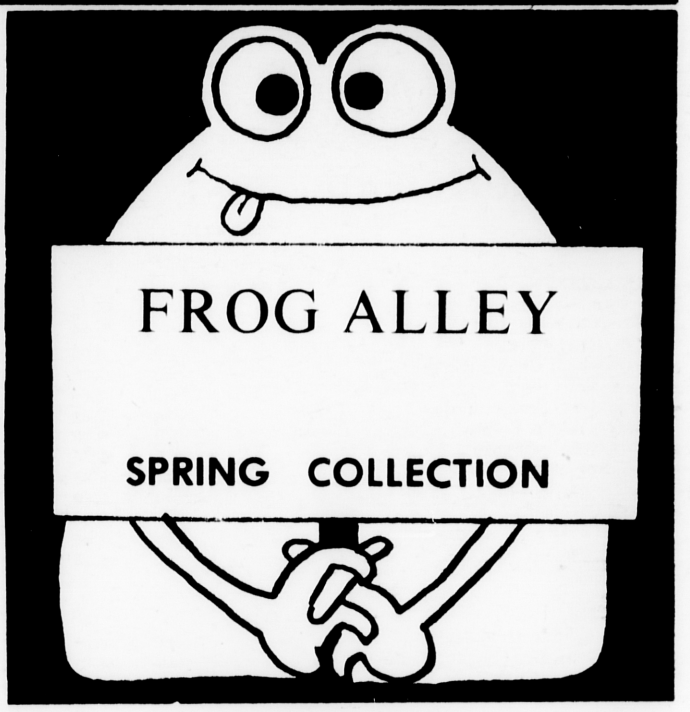

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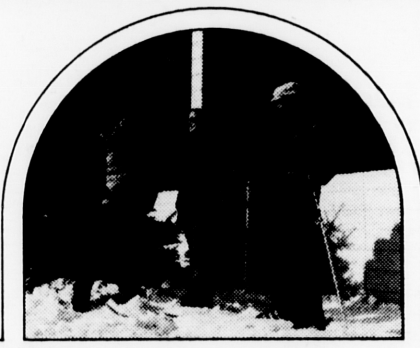

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